

their peoples. The Federal Council will earnestly seek to make those principles widely accepted among our people and dominant among our legislators and executives."

The anti-Japanese propaganda carried on in a certain section of our press and in photo plays "insulting to Japan and promoting among our people an attitude of suspicion, race prejudice and animosity inimical to the maintenance of friendly relations," was vigorously condemned and the press was urged to realize and to use their "incomparable opportunity in promoting good will between ourselves and other nations founded upon correct information, sympathetic understanding and universal human brotherhood."

The name, and with it the work, of the Commission on Relations with Japan was changed to the Commission on Oriental Relations, and the commission was made permanent.

Probably as significant as any action dealing with international relations was that endorsing "wide study of an appropriate action upon" the four weeks' course of study and the "Petition to the President and to Congress," issued by the American Council of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship Through the Churches. It is to be hoped that the churches will universally incorporate this course on "World Constructive Statesmanship" into their programs of work for the winter.

All the resolutions of the great council should be carefully studied by those interested in world problems. As an example of the fine idealism permeating the spirit and the utterances of the council the following single example is given and forms a fitting close to this altogether too brief account of its splendid actions:

"The solution of the vast and intricate problems confronting the nations today is to be found only as they loyally adopt the Christian principles of brotherhood, justice and good will for the control of their competing interests and natural ambition."

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY.

By the generosity of Mrs. Louis H. Jones, whose husband, Dr. Louis Jones, is well remembered in the city as a distinguished and popular physician, Oglethorpe University has been made the happy recipient of a beautiful Christmas gift of something like 500 volumes for her library. These volumes show the careful selection and loving attention of a devoted connoisseur of good literature, in respect to their contents not only, but also to their bindings, which for the most these volumes are old and priceless, and the remainder could scarcely be bought on the market for less than \$1,000. These include complete sets in full morocco and sheep, such as Paul DeKoch, Smollett, Spectator, Burns, Poe, Shakespeare, Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain (édition de grande luxe), British Theatre, Italian Novelists, Noctes Ambrosianae, and many others. The authorities of Oglethorpe University are happy and very grateful for this gift, especially as very few libraries would ever feel able to purchase volumes with such handsome bindings. This generous donation emphasizes again the marvelous growth of the Oglethorpe library. Scarcely a week passes that a number of volumes are not received from thoughtful givers from literally all over the United States.

EXTERMINATING THE ARMENIANS

The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, with headquarters at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, has just received a most remarkable statement from an eye wit-

ness of the suffering of the Armenian refugees exiled to northern Syria and Arabia. The writer of this statement is neither an American nor a native of Turkey, but belongs to a neutral country. He has traveled extensively through the regions along the Euphrates river and into the interior of the country. In this report he graphically depicts what he saw and experienced in the different places visited. Dr. James L. Barton, chairman of the American Relief Committee, states that "this report is in some respects the most heart breaking of all the sad messages hitherto received by the committee." He also declares that while the name of the writer of the report is known to him, for obvious reasons his identity cannot be revealed at present. "There is, however," said Dr. Barton, "no question as to the reliability of the report and the accuracy of the statements contained therein."

This report is as follows:

"I was permitted to visit the Armenian encampments all along the Euphrates, Meskene and Der-i-Zor and to give an account of the state in which the deported Armenians are found in those localities, their present condition, and, if possible, the approximate number of these unfortunate exiles."

The above mentioned mission is the subject of the present report. I take the liberty to send you this asking you at the same time to take into consideration my conclusions in the latter part of the report, which conclusions, if followed, can alas, in a small way, only lighten the sufferings which a race on the point of disappearing is enduring daily.

It is impossible to give an account of the impression of horror which my journey across the Armenian encampments scattered all along the Euphrates has given me, especially those on the right bank between Meskene and Der-i-Zor. These can hardly be called encampments, because of the fact that the majority of these unfortunate people, brutally dragged out of their native land, torn from their homes and families, robbed of their effects upon their departure or en route, are penned up in the open like cattle, without shelter, almost no clothing and irregularly fed with food altogether insufficient. Exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather; in summer to the torrid sun of the desert, in winter to the rain and cold; enfeebled already by privations and the long marches, the bad treatment, the most severe tortures and the daily pangs of death, the less feeble have succeeded in digging holes for themselves on the banks of the river.

Those rare individuals who have succeeded in saving from the flood some clothing, some cloth for tents and a little money to procure some flour, if they can find it, are to be counted as lucky persons. Also fortunate are those who can find watermelons from the peasants of the neighborhood or some sick goats from the nomads at the price of gold. Everywhere you see emaciated and wan faces, wandering skeletons, lurking for all kinds of diseases and victims moreover to hunger.

The management which has been entrusted to transport these people through the desert has no intention of feeding them. Even it appears to be a governmental principle to allow them to die of hunger. An organized massacre, even in the times when liberty, equality and fraternity were not proclaimed by the constitution would have been more humane. It would at least have spared these miserable people the horrors of hunger and death in small doses in the worst tortures, in refined methods of torments worthy of Mongolians. But a massacre would

have been less constitutional! Civilization is safe.

The remainder of the Armenian nation disseminated on the border of the Euphrates is composed of aged people and of women and children. The middle aged and young men, who have not yet been massacred, are scattered on the roads of the empire where they break stones requisitioned for the needs of the army and are occupied in works for the State.

The young girls, often very young ones, have become the booty of the Mussulmans. They have been captured all along the road of emigration, occasionally violated and sold, if not killed by the gendarmes who conduct the sad caravans. Many have been thrown into the harems or into the domesticity of their executioners.

As on the gate of "Hell" of Dante, the following should be written at the entrance of these accursed encampments: "You who enter, leave all hopes." Mounted gendarmes make the rounds with orders to arrest and flog fugitives. The roads are well guarded. And what roads! They lead to the desert, where death is as sure as under the bastinado of the guards of the Ottoman convict gangs. I have met in the desert at different places six of these fugitives dying, abandoned by the gendarmes and surrounded by hungry dogs waiting for their last hiccup of agony, to jump on and feast upon them.

In fact, all along the road from Meskene to Der-i-Zor you came upon graves containing the remains of unfortunate Armenians, abandoned and dead after atrocious sufferings. It is by the hundreds these mounds are numbered where rest anonymously in their last sleep these exiles, these victims of barbarity without qualifications.

Prevented on one hand from going away from the encampments to find means of subsistence, the deported Armenians cannot on the other hand exercise their faculty so natural to men, and especially to the Armenian race, to adapt themselves to misfortune and to apply their ingenuity to diminish the amount of their hardships.

Some shelter could be constructed such as a hut or shed of earth. If at least they had homes to remain where they are, they could attempt some farming. Even this hope is denied them. They wait any moment to be obliged to change their places of torture; and then begin new forced marches without bread and water, under the blows of the horsewhip, new sufferings, bad treatment, worthy of slave dealers of Soudan and there are victims all along the road of this abominable calvary.

Those who have some money left are incessantly exploited by their guards under threats of sending them further on, and when these resources are exhausted they put these threats into execution.

What I have seen and heard surpasses all imagination. Speaking of a thousand and one horrors is very little in this case. I thought I was passing through a part of hell. The few events, which I will relate, taken here and there hastily, give but a weak idea of the lamentable and horrifying tableau. The same scenes are found in the different localities through which I have passed. Everywhere it is the same governmental barbarism which aims at the systematic annihilation through starvation of the survivors of the Armenian nation in Turkey, everywhere the same bestial inhumanity on the part of these executioners and the same tortures undergone by these victims all along the Euphrates from Meskene to Der-i-Zor.

Meskene, through its geographical position on the border between Syria

and Mesopotamia, is the natural point of concentration of the deported Armenians coming from the vilayets of Anatolia and sent afterwards all along the Euphrates. They arrive there by the thousands, but the majority leave there their bones. The impression which this immense and dismal plain of Meskene leaves is sad and pitiable. This information was obtained on the spot, and permit me to state that nearly 60,000 Armenians are buried there, carried off by hunger, by privations of all sorts, by intestinal diseases and resultant typhus. As far as the eye can reach mounds are seen containing 200 or 300 corpses buried in the ground pell mell, women, children and old people belonging to different families.

At present nearly 4,500 Armenians are kept between the town of Meskene and the Euphrates. These are but living phantoms. Their superintendents distribute to them sparingly and very irregularly a piece of bread. Sometimes three or four days pass when these famished people have absolutely nothing.

A dreadful dysentery claims numerous victims among them, especially among the children. These latter fall ravenously upon all that comes under their hands; they eat herbs, earth and even their excrements.

I saw under a tent of five or six square meters, about 450 orphans pell mell in dirt and vermin. These poor children receive 150 grams of bread per day. However at times, and this is more often the case, they remain two days without eating anything. Also death makes among them cruel ravages. This tent was sheltering 450 victims while I was passing through. Eight days afterwards during my return intestinal diseases had carried off seventeen of them.

Abou Herrera is a small locality north of Meskene on the bank of the Euphrates. It is the worst part of the desert. On a small hill 200 meters from the river are confined 240 Armenians under the surveillance of two gendarmes without pity, who leave them to die of hunger in the most atrocious sufferings. The scenes which I witnessed surpass all horrors. Near the place where the carriage stops women who had not seen me arriving, were searching in the dung of horses barley seeds, not yet digested, to feed on. I gave them some bread. They threw themselves on it like dogs dying of hunger, took it voraciously into their mouths with hiccoughs and epileptical tremblings, instantly informed by one of them, 240 persons, or rather hungry wolves, who had nothing to eat for seven days, rushed to me from the hill, extending their emaciated arms, imploring with tears and cries a piece of bread. They were mostly women and children, but there were about a dozen old people.

On my return I brought them bread and was during three quarters of an hour the pitying but unfortunately powerless spectator of a rapacious fight for a piece of bread, such as savage, famished beasts would exhibit.

Hamam is a small village where are kept 1,600 Armenians. Every day the same scene of hunger and horrors. The men are taken as workmen, roadmen and diggers. They receive as wages a piece of bread which cannot be digested and which is insufficient to give them the force necessary for their exhausting work.

In this place I met some families who still have some money and who manage to live without so much misery, but the majority lie on the bare ground, without shelter, and feed on watermelons. The most unfortunate of them satisfying themselves with gnawing the skins thrown away by the